

BEST BAKERS ON THE ISLAND CD/LP2000 ACUARELA/NOIS1016

THE OUTSKIRTS

There's dust and there's grime on your trinkets you used to be the centre of attention now not a word not even a mention a speeded up film of a flowers short journey sprung from the ground and crushed by the stampede get the fallen from view their requirements are surplus you're chasing a dream can't see that it's worthless you feast and you drink but where is the flavour look over your shoulder don't see who your friends were a boot in the face much more than the truth hurts we're dropping like flies here on the outskirts we read by the light that shines from the new town and live on the scraps the fortress cant keep down we're dropping like flies here on the outskirts living the lies here on the outskirts we're dropping like flies here on the outskirts we're living the lie there on the outskirts we're dropping like flies here on the outskirts we're living the lies here on the outskirts.

UNDER THE RAINBOW

A cup of tea and a spliff does Vic from next door you can hear the kettles click shhhh listen silence engines ticking over and over diving in and out of the rain peers out from under crumpled duvet window cleaner yawns crack of dawn peeps through the curtains still down it pours ladders padlocked to the car climbs the ladder to the stars cricket team are on the green second innings gone like a dream and just as we were catching up metallic grey clouds burst interrupts sliding in and out diving in and out of the rain diving in and out of the rain more than a pastime it's a national hobby silent huddles in the warehouse lobby ivor chesty cough is at the station and you begrudge him emigration Keith the thief is young and cunning and let's the cops do all of the running it's just a game now shake hands and you won't break the sporting man diving in and out diving in and out of the rain getting drenched and how sliding in and out of the rain car parks to nothing wet hours in lay-by's the sirens don't stop bones starved of sunshine shop doorway to bus shelters told your children not splash us a vain attempt to turn the van round today's the day we put the dog down spoon on china steam café windows drew a space ship with your finger diving in and out diving in and out of the rain what's silence? throw the kids into the car catch their heads on the way in.

HOLLYWOODS DECISION

It's that clinking clanking sound dragged screaming from the art house and turned in to a shite house it's a Hollywood decision it's Hollywood's decision lights camera achtung dragged screaming from the art house and turned in to a shite house kept cropping up on Oscar lists that certain kind of Englishness that never did exist but many still practice it's a Hollywood decision it's Hollywood's decision the budgets two thirds for polishing these turds it's getting louder everyday with less and less to say it's getting fast out there today and substance went that away the shutters slowly closing the jaded critics dozing put a battery in your Grammy and give it to your mammy a troupe of matching perfect breasts all stood to attention no irony till 2k3 oh did I not mention a Hollywood decision it's Hollywood's decision lights camera achtung Hollywood's decision the writer's had his day they say what you can't face the writer checks his pay you'll have to change the ending as long as we are spending that's no fly on the wall it's just some maggot down the hall more box office potential with aid of controversy they're saying docu-drama's paying no sitcom redundancy

we really loved your book profound and deeply moving we've taken out the dull bits and that's what we'll be using we really loved your book profound and deeply moving we've taken out the dull bits and that's what we'll be using we really loved your book profound and deeply moving we've taken out the dull bits and that's what we'll be using it's a Hollywood decision lights camera achtung dragged screaming from the art house and turned into a white house.

EMPTY SHELL

You begin to talk there's no one there did you ever see so many empty spaces I came across you on a rustic fair you used to be seen in important places where do I go when the lights grow dim down the road on a skim what will I do when the pen runs out I make a start the dogs they bark I wait and I wait and I wait and I wait empty shell empty shell empty shell empty shell the battle is done you lost and won and now you look so pale and weary out in the hills till sunset comes looking out over to Serbia on sea I see the folk keeping god in their hearts but then I wrote within and old man sits a tear in his eye he found his soul but lost his heart I wait and I wait and I wait and I wait empty shell empty shell empty shell empty shell I put another log on the fire it's cooking for you I put another log on the fire it's cooking for you I put another log on the fire it's cooking for you I put another log on the fire it's cooking for you.

2 FLOOR BUNGALOW

Don't know body own the cold dark bungalow ain't no body home the unsold bungalow toppled head first down the stairs in the golden age of flairs the architect hung his head it stands and I am long gone dead ten years of overgrown the cold stone bungalow one off the street and one below the 2 floored bungalow if he's the dad I never had then I'm the son he never wanted yet floor surfing across the palace of rugs it's just survival without love it's just survival without love what a funny looking bloke didn't suit the beard I used to be a girl but everything I did felt weird me and my big sister we don't need them around we got a red bus rover we're off to London town white south Africans temper in a sleepy London suburb snaps who knows how it was paid for who's blood turned into gold? If as they say these walls can breathe they just heaved a sigh of relief divide the empty property's by the homeless on the streets my and my baby brother slung in our paper round we got a red bus rover still missing in London town headlines undelivered disappearance of a paper boy and girl how could we ever be good enough it's not survival without love.

GRAND PRIX (SONG FOR GUY)

Grand prix drivers a good day out smell the petrol from the grass verge commentators pulled his hair half out to try and make it seem interesting always the chance of an accident oh watch out don't get in the way you'll get more than just sunburn kids standing behind the barrier grand prix driver do you know what you've done you made snooker seem fun grand prix driver go buzzing round like a blue arsed fly setting light to your finely honed chassis jumping clear just in time your wife's in the grandstand with your best friend Philip he's shafting her in the royal box she's as bored as the rest of us grand prix driver you can stick le

mans you make me sicker than sugar almonds grand prix driver you're obsolete computer tech knocked you off your feet only humanities vanity keeps your lithe arse on the seat endorsing fags and booze aint sport just wonderful you're like a hamster around a wheel only you got less sex appeal grand prix driver all the fuel you waste could take 15 under privileged kids to the coast for a break.

COUNTRYSIDE

Instrumental snippet of The Balance in the Countryside (suburban crimes) recently used on radio 4 book of the week show?

PLANET SMACKHEAD

Maybe you know or maybe you don't either way I'm long past caring maybe you should you know that you won't I never learned much body language what the fuck are you on (nothing) welcome to planet smack head people are starving some people are stricken and you're trying to act like that on purpose what's all that about most people are blind but nobody's worthless but you're doing a bleeding good impression what the fuck are you on (nothing)welcome to planet smack head Jesus is an anagram of Satan at least in Lithuanian fatwa's patois' grab it here and tug hard try to ease the tub a lard go and park your space ship on the roof of Barry's boat yard ere watch out mate nearly ad ya then what's your name there's a lot of people about today hey look at that.

SIMPLE LIFE

There were a war once a long long time ago and if there were another I hope they don't ask me to go there's a tourist with her hand out and she can wait for ever more because I lived here all of my life and the bus don't stop no more I walk the nine mile to the doctors to get the pins pulled from my bones and it aches like hell in winter and summer feels like home and on the odd occasion I might have slept with the odd relation and the drinking clouds your thinking but you go where there's a welcome ... welcome in the plough and ferrets car park the blood would sting my eyes and I should have seen it coming I know that I'm despised well I must have nodded off then cause I burnt my stupid face and I never meant to hurt you but it's so hard to explain .. Explain thank you for the simple life thank you for the simple life with just the nagging doubt thank you for the simple life just the nagging doubt thank you for the simple life thank you for the simple life not at all.

THE BALLAD OF LITTLE STUBBY FINGERS

You look like a panda in your morning after make up girl thumb prints on the window pane points to stubby fingers again he'd drink piss and eat his shit just to prove he could stomach it he's happy if your surprised catch his gaze and your hypnotised don't think you can talk this one through in an adult manner save your breath don't beg for mercy he'll only hit you harder who shot the swans through the neck that night and cut the wings for a birthday kite this happens in sickening colour but you only see black and white shared a dead mans taxi with a white wine widow take us to the race course pal and stick me on a dead cert shared a white wine widow in the parish of arthritis let's wind up the lynch mob what's different about these

times wake up to this night mare begins where most tears have dried some say stubby fingers pockmarked for life marked out for life marked down for life pock marked for life his face hides nothing all rubber and crease he'd dress as old ladies so he could rob in peace so he could rob in peace every daughters dad's a hero the graveyards chocka block with those kids crave your blessings bestowed right through to their brittle bones change your name change your town stubby fingers is coming round hand me that wheel brace little stubby fingers is change your name and change your town stubby fingers is coming round hand me that wheel jack stubby fingers is coming back for more we're all in pain why cant we share our pain I spent my entire life trying to make people happy and the 3 people I love most in the world hate each others guts I'm in the middle and I can't take it any more you look like a panda all tears and mascara.

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

You fly from your chair a girder hits you in the chest you've not moved like that for years so what do you expect? When you never listened to what your body says too little too late now too little too late now you said that my beatings were your cries for help or did you get tired of my screams and my yelps you send me a rose but let me tell you Kew gardens is too little too late now it's too little too late now we've read all the books and we don't lift a finger too little too late now too little too late now too little too late now.

TUNA PASTA MIX

We are poor people buying cheap rubbish tuna pasta is the mince of the 90's you kids roller blading in the street watch the bloody car get down your own end you are now handling stolen goods wha hee we are poor people buying cheap shoddy shiplap tuna bleeding bastard pasta mince ala mama I know your mum and dad send you grief decent folk get back down your own end building monuments to our stupidity brick chimney bungalow stack wholesale never knowingly undersold get back down your own end we are poor people buying cheap rubbish get back down your own end get back down your own end.

UCIT

I don't make the rules I'm just choosing who can break them bye bye luxury redundant like the monarchy who gives a monkeys what you take to the grave you start out lovers but you soon become bad business partners the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is never been anywhere no I never seen nothing start to believe the things they were saying tired and you're frightened and your mind's spinning round you'll do anything for the chance to get your head down the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is hair like seaweed billowing and lanky mouth like a shotgun spraying into everyone face like a dart board lipstick like a car crash sense of a met post liver like a trifle temper like a microwave laugh like a game show memory like a sieve mate mind a fading canvas though all feeling for subtlety and need long gone cheer up mothers I can chivvy you along the world is full of egg spurts and they can't wait to stick the boot in if it wasn't for your lisp then your caw ear would be in wooin's keep your history off the wall and learn to

live with headaches only so much joy for some it could be yours has come and gone looks like a nightmare smells like a holiday looks like the end is nigh could be that it's just the way don't look at me like there's nothing to despise I'm gonna be where there's nothing for the fly's the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is the way UCIT is that the way it is you can't come back once you're buried under facts you can't come back once you're buried under facts you can't come back once you're buried under facts.

PAT - JACK

pat don't pay no mind to sores jack don't give those kids what for he has no keys to his front door any more he has a mother will stand by him has a sister said that she loved Him? those were the last words she said you can think and the forget this is no song it is the truth I've seen them from the extension roof you can think and then forget pat don't pay no mind to sores jack don't give those kids what for he has no keys to his front door any more flesh and blood it runs so deep flesh and blood is all you could see it's no big deal it's nothing at all you take one life then you might as well take them all the pros and cons all the pros are gone and they act like saints on the back of what on the back of what you've done you've done you've done.

MR HURST

And I hope we get back to glen court for the spring I love to hear the garden sing and i hope we get back to glen court for the spring I love to hear the garden sing all estate Agents by passed viewed by association got to make sure that this house goes to the right home shall i fetch the car round? and check the wall chart mr Hurst goes walk about an overdue reversal of the science kind where all the professors died and no notes survive now there's nothing left to cry about mr Hurst goes walkabout one fag left last match dead 6 miles to the local post office one fag left last match dead 6 miles to the local post office and it's a Sunday it's a Sunday and I hope we get back to glen court for the spring I love to hear the garden sing. Shall i fetch the car round? And check the wall chart mr Hurst goes walk about button holed a busy local and there's nothing to discuss but the fridges and the sinks on the railway lines and the bed and breakfast sign keeps you awake all night and the bed and breakfast sign keeps you awake all night

INTROMISSION

Dan playing piano from last party LP lovehandles.

DOYLE's 15-17A

Off duty filth 153 pedestrian Geoff Doyle he saw robbers robbing and as a cop he was devoted to his duty then he threw himself onto their shotgun to add ten years to their sentence the stations canteen good on you Geoff you know we mean it most sincerely but we know you'd never want to push a pen behind a desk and go home early reduced to the delivering of those a waste of paper blasted leaflet things.